Saddle Sore: Sibling Showdown
By Yu May and Dr Kriege

[Author's note: this is a "What If" story inspired by the universe and characters of "Saddle Sore." It doesn't necessarily occur in canon, but fits well with the spirit of the characters and universe. Think of it as a possible "filler episode."]

Chapter I

Jayme Schmidt groaned as she lay on her bed. She'd had a splitting headache all day, and had actually been excused from morning chores for once (though Mamma had taken her temperature to confirm she wasn't faking it). Jayme blinked as she heard muffled noises next door, and guessed her siblings must have completed their morning routine. But there was something odd about the noises from across the hall. Jayme could have sworn she heard the F-word. That was enough to get her to shoot up from her pillow.

Jayme tried to hop out of bed, found her balance was still shaky, and decided to take things more slowly. Creeping out her door, Jayme heard the muffled sounds increase slightly, It wasn't just one F-word. It was a whole series of them in a row, a high-pitched man's voice she didn't recognize. "Oh, fuck me in the–"

The last word cut off, and the muffled noise vanished. Jayme peered skeptically down the halls at her siblings' rooms. One stood out. Joanne's door, decorated with ornate gothic stencils and an upside-down silver cross (to represent the martyrdom of Saint Peter), and some jumbled words Jayme couldn't read, maybe Latin or something.

Here's one of the neat and not-so-neat things about having siblings: when you play detective, you don't have to worry about constitutional rights. Without announcing herself, Jayme barged through Joanne's door, and found Joanne sitting on her bed, crouching over an iPad. Joanne squeaked, her head catching on the cord of her earbud headphones as she thrust the device under the purple blanket. "Jayme? What are you doing? I'm gonna tell on you. You're gonna get the spanking of your–"

Jayme strode toward Joanne's bed and ripped aside the blanket, ignoring Joanne's dainty grip on her wrist. Joanne choked. "–life?"

Jayme stared at the iPad as she popped out the headphone jack. An animated cartoon was playing, full of strange, monstrous-looking characters. A furry, white, noseless creature with sharp yellow teeth was in the middle of a sentence. "–myself, huh? How about this? I LOVE to suck–"

As Joanne reached to snatch back the iPad, Jayme held it high, well out of Joanne's reach. A bizarre, winged feline character appeared on screen. "I swear to fuck if you say dicks!"

The furry white character answered. “ –popsicles, ya sicko! Get your mind outta the gutter! …But, you know, dicks too!”

Jayme stared in horror, before quickly lowering the volume. “Joanne, what is this garbage?”

Joanne stepped back, glancing nervously at her bedroom door. “It’s not garbage! It’s…uh…just an interesting character drama.”

A logo blinked on the screen, and Jayme peered at it. “...Hazbin Hotel? Hold on, I’ve heard of this. Isn’t this that Satanic cartoon?”

Joanne waved her hands. “No, no, no! That’s a misconception. See, the plot revolves around angels and demons.”

“Demons? So these weird, thin guys are supposed to be the demons? …Why are they all so pointy?”

“That’s just the art style. It’s sort of an old-timey broadway musical thing. See, the Hazbin Hotel is supposed to be like a rehab program, to help sinners turn over a new leaf. If you think about it, it’s kind of like a Christian story of redemption.”

Ignoring Joanne, Jayme turned the volume up on the iPad as the next episode started to play automatically. A cartoon bad guy roared, “...guess I'll just have to *fuck* the information outta ya.”

The furry white character from before smiled seductively, “Do your worst...daddy!”

Then the bad guy started spanking the furry white character, as he moaned with delight. Jayme dropped the iPad. “What the hell, Joanne! Is this porn?”

Joanne caught the iPad and quickly turned it off. “Um…I’m sure whatever that was probably made more sense in context.”

Jayme put her hands on her hips. “Joanne, shame on you! That’s not a show a Christian should be watching!”

Joanne forced a smile as she bit her lip. “Well, Poppa never said I *couldn’t* watch it!”

Jayme looked Joanne right in the eyes. “Well, did Poppa say you *could* watch it?”

Joanne shrugged “I…plead the fifth?”

“C’mon, Joanne. You know Mamma and Poppa wouldn’t approve of this smut!”

“Hey! It’s not smut! It’s one of the biggest hits in independent animation in history. Anyway, I was

going to ask Mom and Dad about it soon, just…wanted to get a feel for what it was all about first."

Jayme snatched back the iPad, and dangled it high out of Joanne's reach. "Oh really? Well, then let's go show them, right now!"

Joanne stiffened. "No! You can't do that! If you show them, I'm gonna get…I'm gonna…"

As Joanne trailed off, Jayme paused at the door, and turned. "Go on."

Joanne hung her head. "...I'm gonna get spanked."

Jayme nodded. "Exactly. You knew what you were doing…hold on, how'd you get past the parental lock on the iPad?"

Joanne suddenly looked proud of herself. "Oh, I overheard Mamma reciting a Proverb about 'training up a child' when she unlocked it for you. I figured she was reminding herself of the password, so I looked up the Scripture reference. The password is 226, for Proverbs 22:6."

"And at no point did you stop and think, huh, maybe I *shouldn't* be using my knowledge of the Bible to hack into the iPad we use for homework so I can watch a devil cartoon?"

"That's not hacking, Jayme."

As Jayme felt her head ache, she sighed, and handed the iPad back to Joanne. "You know what? I'm *not* going to tattle on you."

Joanne beamed, and held the iPad tight against her chest. "You're not?"

Jayme grimaced, then started to turn, clutching her skull. "Nope. You're going to tell them. I'm going back to bed."

Just as Jayme was about to leave, Joanne stopped her. "But I can't tell them, Jayme, they're out. You're watching the house today, remember?"

Jayme blinked, struggling to focus. The room seemed to be swimming around her thanks to her throbbing head. "Ugh…what? Then, you'll just have to wait until they get back."

Joanne shook her head. "No, you're responsible for me today. Look, Jayme, I'm on thin ice. If you make me tell Poppa about this….I'm definitely getting a trip to the woodshed. Can't you just give me the spanking instead, and get it over with?"

Jayme rubbed her temples, and the pounding in her brain subsided slightly. "Sp-spank you? Me? But I'm not allowed to spank you anymore. Not after last time."

Joanne held up a finger. “You only got in trouble last time because I raised a stink about it. But this time, you’ve got me dead to rights. I’m pleading guilty. If you agree I need a spanking, and I agree I need a spanking, and you’re in charge of me, then what’s the issue?”

“The issue is I need permission.”

“But *I’m* giving you permission, Jayme.”

“I mean Mom and Dad’s permission, Joanne.”

Joanne smiled mysteriously. “Oh, come on, Jayme…You know you’ve wanted to spank me since we were little.”

Jayme blinked, and when the room finally stopped spinning, she took a good look at Joanne, who was wearing her gothic, black and purple pajamas for lounging around the house tonight. Jayme frowned. “Only because you’ve had it coming the whole time.”

Joanne hung her head, looking ashamed. Suddenly, Jayme remembered every single sibling squabble she and Joanne had had over the years, along with all the spankings that they had earned one another. With a crisp motion, Jayme grabbed Joanne by the wrist, and led her astonished younger sister toward the bed.

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Meanwhile, in a cartoony version of hell, the ragtag members of the Hazbin Hotel were having a heated argument, only for their TV to erupt with a burst of static and show two American farm girls on the screen.

“Huh? *Saddle Sore*? What kind of stupid name for a show is that?” said Husk, the cat-demon.

Angeldust, who was the same white, furry spider-demon Jaybe had seen on the iPad a few minutes before, held his hands together. “Oh! I adore this one! It’s like *Little House on the Prairie*, but kinky. Some episodes are just wall-to-wall spanking scenes. And it looks like a new spanking scene is just about to start…”

Princess Charlie Morningstar pouted. “Spankings? Aw, the poor girls! I feel so sorry for their cute little bottoms.”

Angeldust pointed at the screen. “Hold it! That’s Joanne? Everyone shut up, I gotta watch this! I’ve been waiting all season for her to finally get the spanking she’s got coming!”

Vaggie stared at the screen passively, her voice monotone. “So, Joanne’s the goth-looking chick? Huh, for a girl who’s about to get her butt spanked, she seems strangely….stoic. I like that.”

…

Jayme sat on Joanne's bed. Even while seated, Jayme was roughly at eye-level with her petite younger sister. Joanne's black bangs flopped down across her eyes as she glanced down. "Wait, you're starting now? I thought we'd–"

Jayme undid the bunny-ear knot of Joanne's pajama pants, and tugged them down with a single yank. Joanne's eyes popped so widely open, not even her bangs could hide her expression. "–wait?"

Jayme raised an eyebrow as she noticed the decoration on Joanne's panties. They were Teen Titans themed, with the logo for the cartoon and a picture of the dark-cloaked superheroine Raven. The words "Evil Beware, We Have Waffles" were stamped across the back in gothic letters. Joanne quickly tried to hide her panties from view, before Jayme snatched her little sister's hands away and pulled her forward. "What's the point? You know you've got a spanking coming. Let's get this rodeo started."

Joanne flopped down across Jayme's left leg, before Jayme pinned Joanne firmly into place with her right leg: a leg-lock spanking position. The decorative picture of Raven and the slogan stretched taut as Joanne's bottom was thrust up high. "Oop! …Um, can't we talk about the details, first? I mean, sure, I deserve a spanking, but maybe you want to lecture me a bit?"

It suddenly occurred to Jayme that, although she was very familiar with what it felt like to assume this spanking position, she'd never seen it from this perspective before. As Jayme patted Joanne's petite behind, all she could think about was how much Joanne's bottom reminded her of a nice, wide-open target at the gun range. Jayme rubbed circles across Joanne's butt cheeks, smoothing out the wrinkles in the panties. Jayme smiled as she considered how the gentle massage would also wake up the nerve endings across Joanne's lower bottom, which was slightly exposed beneath the line of the panties. "This *is* the lecture. You said it yourself, Jo: what you *really* deserve is a trip to the woodshed for the whooping of your life. But since I'm in charge, I'm letting you off easy: with a stern *talking to*."

Jayme raised her arm high, and landed a firm clap across Joanne's right buttock to punctuate her last sentence. Joane whooped, but she sounded more surprised than pained. Jayme watched a soft, pink mark flush across Joanne's behind, before it quickly faded. Watching closely, Joanne delivered another swat across Joanne's left buttock with similar force.

This time Joanne gasped with a little, "Eep!" before pressing her lips tight together.

Jayme reflected on all the spankings she had received over the years, and had a delightful realization. She knew exactly what those two swats must have felt like: warning shots. The kind of thing Mamma would give Jayme to warn her that she was an inch away from earning a real spanking.

There had been nothing wimpy about the first two slaps. Jayme had not been unconsciously holding back. But now, she consciously knew she didn't need to hold back at all.

Jayme was sure that both slaps had stung plenty, but to make an actual impression on Joanne…Jayme would have to put more pep into it.

Joanne exhaled sharply, and started to blabber automatically. "Okay, solid opening pitch. I'd say I'm learning my lesson already. Maybe, like, ten good ones like that, and I'll be–"

Jayme wound up her arm exactly like a baseball pitcher preparing a fastball, and delivered a resounding spank across Joanne's right buttock, making sure to follow through. Joanne yowled. "Yow! Okay, that's definitely hard enough. That's as hard as Mamma spanks. You don't have to–"

Jayme experimented with a different swing, bending her elbow tight before shooting her hand forward, to deliver a strike with her open palm across Joanne's left buttock. It occurred to Jayme her second spank was more like a martial artist jab than the first baseball pitch spank. She relished the strange sensation as she felt the force reverberate through Joanne's surprisingly firm gluteus maximus. As Jayme considered how she was going to deliver this spanking, a delightful thought filled her mind: *"...So many possibilities!"*

Joanne yelped, trying to keep her breath steady. "Hoo-ooh! Okay! Point made! You spank harder than Mamma! That's plenty hard! You don't have to go all–oooout!"

As the next spank landed, Joanne shouted the last word, before she started to hoot and holler uncontrollably after each blow. "Owwwah! Ahow! Yeow! Yee-aaah!"

Joanne tried to stammer out something, maybe a smart-aleck attempt at gallows-humor, maybe a desperate attempt at a rational argument for clemency, but Jayme didn't care. All Jayme could hear was the delicious, musical sound of smack…smack…*smack!*

As Jayme increased the tempo of the spanking, she discovered how to keep a steady rhythm by simple instinct. After years of having her own rear end on the receiving end of a spanking–sometimes struggling defiantly, sometimes laying obediently, but always helpless while her bare bottom simply took everything that Mamma or Pappa had to dish out–Jayme was now realizing just how fun it was to *give* a spanking.

And in that moment, Jayme felt a strange rush of gratitude. She was thankful for all the spankings she had received over the years, and thankful that it was *finally* her turn.

And as Jayme watched her little sister's bottom bouncing and jerking beneath the relentless slaps, she saw it slowly flush to a soft rose pink, in sharp contrast with the black panties. Stealing her breath, Jayme uttered a silent prayer. *"Thank you, God. Thank you for giving me*

parents that love me enough to spank me. Thank you for all those spankings I got, so now I know what I have to do. And thank you for giving me Joanne as my little sister. And thank you for giving Joanne this cute, naughty little bottom, and for giving me the chance to ***spank*** *this cute, naughty little bottom, red and raw. Please God, help me spank her right, right now!"*

As Jayme landed the last blow with a sharp pop across the center of Joanne's bottom, Joanne bucked, her bangs flying wildly as she shook her head. "Argh! Okay, okay! I'm sorry! I'll never do it again!"

Jayme hummed, flashed a cute, satisfied smile, and patted Joanne's bottom, relishing the ambient heat she felt radiating from it. "Hmm… I believe you. All right, that should do for the warm up."

Jayme stood Joanne on her feet, and spotted a small sparkle of light as Joanne quickly wiped two small tears away from her eyes. As Joanne stiffened, her eyes flew open wide with dawning comprehension. "Huh? The warm up? That wasn't it?"

Jayme felt her heart swell. She suddenly felt a fresh wave of love and sympathy for Joanne. She knew exactly what her sister was going through: dread, embarrassment, discomfort. But Jayme also knew her duty, and it was like the universe suddenly made more sense to her. Of course! This was why Mamma and Pappa spanked her all the time. It just felt so right, to know that there was a naughty bottom that needed spanking, and it was your joyful duty to see that it got spanked properly. "Of course not, silly head. Just because I'm showing you mercy, that doesn't mean I'm letting you off with a few love taps. You know *exactly* what happens when any of us get a spanking in the privacy of our bed rooms…"

Jayme pinched the sides of Joanne's Teen Titans panties, and tugged them down. "...We get a spanking right on our bare booties–just like we deserve–for dishonoring our mother and father."

Joanne squeaked and pulled down the front of her shirt with one hand, covering her exposed rear with her other hand. "Wait! This is going overb–"

Reflexively, Jayme snatched Joanne by the wrist with one hand and reached around with her other hand to plant a firm swat on her lower buttocks. Joanne yipped like a puppy, then snarled like a mad dog, twisting her arm to pry loose from Jayme's grasp. "–Oh, ow! Hey, lemme' go!"

Jayme stiffened, realizing that she wasn't much stronger than little Joanne. When they'd taken taekwondo classes together, they'd always been close to a perfect even match in sparring (Jayme was leading with 51 wins to Joanne's 49). Without knowing why, Jayme scooped Joanne up by the armpits, holding her dangling a few inches above the floor. "Enough. Joanne, you asked for this."

Joanne stiffened, her fists clenched at her sides. Jayme could tell just by looking at her little sister's face that Joanne was resisting the temptation to deck her. Jayme kept her face calm,

knowing that if Joanne wanted to start a fist-fight, there was nothing she could do to stop it now.

Joanne grit her teeth. “But…I didn’t mean…”

“No more buts. And no more hands covering butts. You know the drill. Keep your hands behind your head while I’m talking to you.”

Gently, Jayme set Joanne back down on her feet. To her relief, the little maternal gesture seemed to have worked. Joanne fidgeted, then slowly raised her hands, interlacing her fingers behind her skull. With a start, Joanne pressed her knees together, bowing forward slightly to let the front of her pajama shirt preserve at least a shred of her modesty, before raising her blushing face high to look Jayme in the eye.

Jayme felt a fleeting temptation to laugh at the sight. Joanne’s posture reminded her of being a little girl desperate to use the potty, doing the bathroom dance. But Jayme felt a pang of sympathy for Joanne’s predicament, having been in exactly the same position all too often, so Jayme decided not to make Joanne’s humiliation any worse than it had to be. “That’s more like it. Now, Joanne, what do you and I usually get for a spanking, when Mamma or Pappa have to give us a stern talking to?”

Joanne’s words caught in her throat before she forced herself to answer. “Uh…W-we usually get spanked with an implement, like one of the hand paddles, or a hairbrush.”

“That’s right. And the number of strokes is usually twice our age.”

Joanne shrugged. “Not all the time?”

“Right. Sometimes it’s more, if we show defiance. But for you, since you’re fourteen, the *minimum* would be twenty-eight good, solid whacks. Isn’t that right, Joanne?”

Joanne forced a nervous smile. “Sure, but maybe you could give me fourteen and call it good, if your arm’s getting tired?”

“My arm is just fine. And we’re not going to ‘call it good.’ I’m giving you the absolute minimum spanking Mamma or Pappa would give you. And when they get home, we’re going to explain the whole situation, and you will tell them exactly why I had to give you a spanking today.” Joanne blinked twice, before a new look of dread stretched across her face. “T-tell them…why?”

Jayme nodded curtly. “Yup. After you confess everything, maybe, just maybe, Pappa take a look at your backside, and decide I’ve spanked you enough for one day.”

Joanne’s look of horror grew, but now it was mixed with indignation. “But…you sneak! We agreed that if you gave me my spanking, we wouldn’t have to bring this up again.”

Jayme crossed her arms. “I agreed to no such thing. You said you deserved a trip to the woodshed with Pappa, and, in my humble opinion, that’s exactly what you deserve to get. But it’s not up to me. If he decides you’ve been spanked enough, so be it. If he decides you deserve another spanking, so be it. Either way, you’ll get exactly what our father thinks is a fair punishment.”

Narrowing her eyes, Joanne pouted. “I’d never have agreed to let you spank me if I knew that was what you were up to.”

Jayme raised a single index finger. “That’s the problem. Even now, you’re still trying to wriggle your way out of taking accountability. A spanking isn’t a get-out-of-jail-free card, it’s supposed to be a *just* punishment. We can’t just…keep our sins a secret forever, hoping we never get caught.”

Jayme swallowed as she remembered all her secret attempts to spank herself late at night, and all the close-calls. With an effort, Jayme recited one of the Bible verses she’d memorized as a member of the A.W.A.N.A. Christian scouts’ program. “Be sure your sin will find you out.”

Joanne straightened her posture, lifting her chin proudly. “So you’re gonna rat me out.”

It was a statement, not a question.

Jayme shook her head. “No, I will not. You’re gonna tell Pappa and Mamma what you did, because they deserve to know the truth. You know we can trust them to always be fair, don’t you, Jo?”

Joanne sighed, and for the first time, looked at least a little repentant. “I know that…But if I’ve got to turn myself in anyway, why don’t we call the spanking here? If I’m going to get a trip to the woodshed anyway, isn’t this a bit overkill?”

Jayme smiled. “I thought of that. As much as I think you deserve the woodshed, Joanne, I don’t *wish* that fate on you. Has it occurred to you that if I tell Pappa I already gave you a good, hard spanking, he’s more likely to say you’ve been punished enough?”

Joanne pouted again, but this time it was more playful than petulant. “I can’t argue with your logic…but I won’t pretend to like it.”

Jayme stood to her full height, towering above Joanne. “Let’s try that again with less sass. Do you have a hairbrush in your dresser?”

Joanne scowled up at Jayme, before hanging her head. “Yes, Jayme.”

Jayme gestured to the dresser, then nudged Joanne's arms before she could drop her hands to cover her bottom. "Go and fetch it, and keep your hands right where they are until I say otherwise."

Joanne glanced down to examine her state of undress. Though the hem of her pajama shirt just barely covered her at the front, Joanne noticed that, thanks to her posture of surrender, the back of her shirt was hiked up at the back, precariously perched above her bottom. Her Raven-themed panties were resting in an inverted triangle just below her bottom, right where Jayme had left them. Joanne fixed Jayme with the unmistakable, angsty teenager look. "May I fix my shirt at least, *ma'am?"*

Jayme drummed her fingers against her arm, resisting the urge to snatch Joanne and start round two of the spanking immediately. "Nope. Just keep your hands right where they are."

Joanne pursed her lips as she considered her predicament, then spun around slowly. Just as she finished turning, Joanne hunched her shoulders, and the back of her shirt flopped down to partially cover her exposed, bright pink, full moon. Joanne flashed a minxish look over her shoulder. "Oops. Want me to lower my hands so I can pull my shirt back up for you, ma'am?"

Jayme took a whistling breath through her nose, then repeated her words with more emphasis. "Nope. Just keep your hands *right* where they are."

Joanne's smile faded, and as she tried to step forward, she felt her panties start to slip down, and noticed her pajama pants were bunched around her ankles. Desperately, Joanne pressed her thighs together, taking short, waddling steps forward.

After three steps, Joanne's panties started to droop, and glided half way down her thighs. Joanne paused, and tried to step out of her pajama pants. She nearly pulled one leg free, before her ankle caught and she stumbled forward a few steps. "Whoops!"

Jayme reached out and caught Joanne around the waist. "Woah. You okay?"

Joanne bit her lip. "I'm fine. Just need to–"

Jayme straightened Joanne up and guided her hands back into the surrender position. "Good. Now keep your hands behind your head."

Joanne twisted, and glared at Jayme with menace. "May I *please* just fix my pants? I can't walk like this."

Now it was Jayme's turn to smile. "You can walk just fine. Stop worrying about whether I'll catch a glimpse of your butt. I'm going to be seeing plenty of it in a minute anyway. Just march your butt over to your dresser, like a good girl."

Gritting her teeth, Joanne marched straight to her dresser, feeling one inside-out pant leg trailing behind her. As Joanne stopped at her dresser, she felt her panties catch around her knees, and knew what an absurd picture she must be presenting to Jayme's amused gaze. "May I finally lower my hands, ma'am?"

Jayme sat back down on the bed, her voice like honey. "Of course. How else are you going to fetch me the hairbrush I'm going to use to bust your butt?"

Joanne thrust open the drawer and snatched up her black, ebony hairbrush. She spun like a soldier and marched back to face Joanne, her pajama pants finally pulling free from her foot, and dragging like a ball chain around the ankle of a prisoner in an old-timey cartoon. Jayme saw Joanne's lip was quivering, and let the moment hang.

Finally, Jayme held out a hand. "Hand me the hairbrush, Joanne."

Joanne thrust it forward, just roughly enough to make it clear she was furious, without crossing over into open defiance. Jayme accepted the hairbrush. "Now, you may remove your pants and panties. Wouldn't want you to get them tangled up if you start to kick. Fold them neatly beside your bed."

"Ugh! Can't we just end this already?"

Jayme slapped the smooth surface of the hairbrush against her palm, sharply enough to produce a crisp clap. "That's two extra swats you just earned yourself, right there. If you want to get this over with sooner rather than later, then obey, without delay."

Joanne nodded and bent over to take off her pajama pants. "Okay, just give me a second."

"Three."

Joanne glanced up, confused, and saw Jayme holding up three fingers. Then Jayme held up a fourth finger. "Four"

Instantly, Joanne understood. Mamma used this trick all the time if one of the Schmidt siblings tried to delay their inevitable spanking for too long. Every second meant an extra spank. Joanne flipped her bare foot free of the pajama pant leg, then sat to take off her panties.

Jayme didn't blink as she held up a fifth finger. "Five."

Joanne threw aside her panties and started to stumble back up onto her feet. "Okay! I'm going, I'm going!"

Jayme flicked her hand with a sharp snap, and held up a single finger, then a second. "Six….seven"

Joanne suddenly remembered the order to fold her pants and panties, and dove to snatch the discarded clothing back up, folding them neatly.

Jayme wiggled her two fingers, menacingly, before counting three, then four. “Eight….nine…”

Joanne finished folding and stood to attention. “Okay, okay! I’m done!”

Slowly, deliberately, Joanne held up a fourth finger, and then a fifth. “Ten...and, eleven. No, it’s not, ‘okay, okay.’ You just do what you're told, when you’re told to do it, without delay. You know full well what that kind of stunt would get you with Mamma or Pappa. Slow obedience is disobedience. Do you *want* a trip to the woodshed?”

Joanne shook her head. “No! Please don’t tell Pappa on me!”

“We are well past that point already. If you don’t shape up, I will give you a trip to the woodshed myself, before I tell Pappa you were a pill the whole time I was watching you. Are you ready to fix your attitude?”

Joanne nodded, and reflexively put her hands behind her head. “Yes, Jayme!”

“For the rest of this spanking, let’s stick with, ‘Yes, ma’am,’ and ‘No, ma’am.’ And think very carefully about whether ‘No, ma’am,’ is really the right answer before you try using that one. Are you ready to accept the spanking you know you have coming, Joanne?”

Joanne’s eyes welled up with tears. “Yes, ma’am.”

Jayme gestured with the hairbrush, and glided it up along Joanne’s hip. “Then lift your shirt up at the back, all the way up, and come across my knee.”

Without hesitating, Joanne hoisted up her shirt, and settled down to rest on top of Jayme’s toned left thigh. Joanne’s legs spread helplessly along either side of Jayme’s knee, and Jayme felt with a pang how exposed and vulnerable she’d felt the last time she’d assumed this exact position for a taste of the wooden hairbrush. Jayme spotted a stuffed plushie of a somber looking cartoon cat she vaguely recognized as some video game character, and scooped it up to hand it to Jayme. “Here, hug tight to this little fella. It will give you something to hold onto, rather than try to cover your bottom.”

Joanne looked miserably at the stuffed animal, but clung to it anyway. “Please…I’m sorry…”

Jayme wrapped her arm around Joanne’s waist, and pulled her close against her own waist. “You say that now, Joanne, but you have sinned. You sinned on purpose, knowing it was a sin, and you tried to cover it up…”

Jayme paused as she remembered her own secret sins, and took a shaky breath, and started stroking the smooth back of the ebony hairbrush across Joanne's quivering hindquarters. "...But I think you asked for this spanking in the first place because deep down, you know you need it. Isn't that right?"

Sniffling, Joanne answered with a voice that was not whiny, but sorrowful. "Yes, ma'am."

Jayme nodded, and patted the center of Joanne's bottom, still a cheerful shade of pink from the last spanking. "But that doesn't mean I can let you off easy. You were going to get twenty-eight strokes to begin with. Thanks to how you dragged your feet, you're now getting thirty-nine strokes. Did you know that in the Bible, the maximum sentence for a criminal was forty lashes, minus one? That means if you earn any more strokes…"

Jayme tapped the hairbrush twice in quick succession, against each buttock in turn. "...I'll have to pause this spanking to let your bottom recover. Then we'll pick up right where we left off, and start all over from the beginning, with another hand spanking, and another thirty-nine lashes, only this time, I'm taking you to the woodshed to use Pa's razor strap. Is that what you want?"

Joanne shook her head meekly, not looking at Jayme. "No, ma'am."

As Jayme raised the hairbrush high, she noticed Joanne's buttocks quivering and hesitated, before setting the hairbrush down. "You're shivering. Let's say a prayer of supplication together."

Joanne made a small, whining noise. "Suppah…wuh?"

Jayme stroked Joanne's backside gently, feeling how the peach fuzz was standing on end. Despite the toasty warmth from the previous spanking, Jaonne's bottom was still covered in goose pimples. "Supplication. We'll ask God to help you get through this. I'll start…Dear Jesus, please help my sister Joanne. I know she has sinned, and fallen short, but I know she wants to do better. Please help this spanking be a lasting reminder for her not to disobey our parents, and help her be brave and take it. And please help me spank her well, just like Mom and Dad would do for me."

Joanne sniffled, and answered with a long, shuddering whine. Jayme petted Joanne's bottom. "Anything you'd like to add, Jo?"

"I'm sorry, okay? It was just a cartoon!"

Jayme delivered a gentle love tap to get Joanne's attention. "You're not really sorry if you're still making excuses."

Joanne kicked her feet, but she clearly had no hope of breaking loose. It was more a gesture of desperation. "Please don't spank me…Pleeee-heeeze…"

Frowning, Joanne scooped up the ebony hairbrush, rubbing the cool surface of the wood against Joanne's tense buttocks. "Nope. We're well past that point. You're getting the spanking you have coming no matter what, so why not try to tell God what's on your heart?"

Joanne twitched as she felt the wooden hairbrush, then lowered her feet. "I…I know watching the cartoon without permission was wrong…I know it was a sin…I'm so sorry, Jayme. I'm just a screw up. The black sheep of the family."

Jayme popped the hairbrush across Joannne's bottom twice, with just enough force to raise a soft tingle. "Don't beat yourself up. You're not a screw up, or a black sheep…And even if you were a bit of a black sheep, you know what, I'd still love you, because Jesus still loves you. The Bible says that if a good shepherd loses one little lamb, he will leave the flock to seek the lost lambs and bring them back safe, black or white. That's us, Joanne. I get spanked all the time, but I know that Jesus will always forgive me, and help me try again."

Joanne wiped her nose against her arm, her voice cracking slightly, but more clear and steady. "I know that…I just wish I didn't forget so much…"

Jayme felt Joanne's whole body go stiff. But as Jayme pressed the flat surface of the hairbrush against Joanne's tense glutes, and gently rubbed small circles, Jayme felt Joanne finally start to relax. "Why not talk to God about it? The Bible says, 'Cast thy burdens upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.' What would you like to say to him?"

Joanne hugged her plushie, and buried her face into it. "I'm sorry I disobeyed! I'm sorry I tried to hide it! I'm sorry, God! Ah'm saaahreeeee…Puh-please, Jesus, help me s-sit still for my sp-sp-spanking!"

Jayme lifted the hairbrush high, concentrating on her target, visualizing the next stroke, and took a deep, controlled breath. "Amen."

Jayme brought down the hairbrush to land a tremendous, resounding thwack, smack across the center of Joanne's left buttock. As Joanne realized that her true punishment had begun, and she would not be getting off lightly, the unfortunate goth girl roared; and as she strained valiantly against her older sister's arm, her black bangs flew wildly about her face. "Aaaaaargh!"

But thanks to years of honing herself with horse ranching, Jayme kept Joanne pinned in an iron hold.

After the second stroke of the hairbrush came crashing down across the center of Joanne's right buttock, she cried just as loudly, but more from melancholy than surprise. "Waaaa-haaaaw!"

Joanne writhed a final time, then flopped down, her head and legs seemingly sinking into a relaxing repose. At precisely that moment, Jayme aimed the third stroke dead center across Joanne's lower bottom with a pop. Joanne screeched, shrilly, but didn't struggle.

Jayme was satisfied that she had spanked most of the fight out of her charge, and switched to a steady pattern of one-and-two-and-one-and-two, alternating between left and right buttock. Jayme's first goal was to make the spanking as uncomfortable as possible, but her second goal was to bring it to an end without further delay.

As Joanne felt the change in pace, she gave a long, warbling wail, which finally gave way to open sobbing. Jayme aimed the next eighteen whacks all across Joanne's lower buttocks, keeping a silent count.

Without skipping a beat, Jayme aimed the next two swats across Joanne's upper left and right thighs, just below her bottom. Joanne instantly noticed, and squirmed slightly, too tired for any hope of a successful struggle.

As if on cue, Jayme lifted her knee just as Joanne raised her bottom, and secured her grip on Joanne's waist. Now that Joanne's bottom was lifted higher and angled more sharply, her sit-spots–the soft, sensitive skin hidden between buttock and thigh–were no longer protected.

Dimly, Jayme realized that she'd accidentally figured out how to fix Joanne's pose for the grand finale of the spanking, but there was no time to pause and congratulate herself on her accomplishment. Jayme delivered four sharp blows to Joanne's pasty white sit spots, then paused, just long enough to watch them flush to a soft, rose pink.

The brief reprieve from the relentless tempo gave Joanne enough time to notice something was different, and snap her out of her uncontrollable crying. As she felt the prickling, tingling sensation start to rise across the fresh, unmarked flesh, Joanne gasped.

Jayme aimed another two strokes across Joanne's upper thighs, then paused again, to let Joanne process what was in store for her. Jayme smiled. Joanne was always a smart-ass, but there was no denying she was also smart. Jayme was sure her little sister was picking up the pattern, even in the throes of pain. Two strokes to the upper thighs…followed by four strokes to the delicate sit spots.

As Jayme delivered the next four strokes, she noticed Joanne's yelps resembled the yips of a newborn puppy. Then Jayme delivered another two strokes across Joanne's upper thighs, and took in the sight before her. Joanne tried to clench her buttocks, but thanks to how securely she was pinned across Jayme's knee, the sorrowful, suffering Joanne couldn't even manage to do that. Joanne hissed, then moaned, and as she lowered her head in defeat, she lifted her bottom high, as if holding it up as a sacrificial offering.

Jayme basked in the sight of Joanne's bright-red, well-spanked, bare behind lying before her, but as she had expected, Jayme noticed Joanne's sit spots were not quite the same deep shade of strawberry-red. With a smile, Jayme delivered a final four swats, so that Joanne's sit spots

finally matched the rest of her rear end. Joanne's screams reached a crescendo, until the thirty-ninth and final spank landed, and she broke down into a fresh wave of incoherent tears.

Instinctively, Jayme set aside the hairbrush and let Joanne cry long enough to catch a shuddering breath, then lifted Joanne up to face her, still straddled across her knee. "There, there. It's all over. You took it well, Jo."

Joanne looked up at Jayme with shimmering, tear-stained cheeks, before she buried her face against Jayme's chest, and wept softly. "Shh..shiii-hiiii–"

Jayme tensed, and reached around to pat Joanne's exposed hindquarters with a sharp, warning love tap. "Hey! No saying the s-word!"

Joanne flinched, then pulled back from the hug. "S-sorry! You're not…gonna spank me again, are you?"

Jayme sighed, before wrapping her arms around Joanne. "I guess you didn't finish saying it. But don't push your luck."

Joanne shook her head. "Are you kidding? You spank harder than Mamma. Hell, that was almost as bad as a spanking from Poppa."

"Oh? Maybe if I get a little more practice, I can break Poppa's record…but I'd rather not. I had no idea giving a spanking could be so exhausting."

Joanne scowled. "You're complaining? What, would you enjoy being on the receiving end more?"

Jayme started to answer, but her words caught in her throat. "I do *not* enjoy—Ahem!—That reminds me…"

Jayme picked Joanne up and set her on her feet in front of her. "Hands up high, above your head."

With a confused frown, Joanne raised her hands slowly. As Jayme lifted Joanne's pajama shirt up and over her head, leaving her completely naked, Joanne's eyes popped open. "Huh? What's this now?"

Jayme stood to pull the pajama shirt free, and turned to fold it on Joanne's bed. "I'm putting you in timeout, of course…No, don't cover yourself. You're still 'under arrest' so hands behind your head again."

Joanne's expression was furious, but she nevertheless clasped her hands behind her head. "Is this really necessary? What's the point of–"

Jayme held up a finger to shush her diminutive sister. “The point is, I’m giving you a moment to reflect on something. You and I are just like Eve, in the Garden of Eden. Just like Eve ate of the forbidden fruit, on purpose, knowing she was disobeying God, today you disobeyed our Mother and our Father, on purpose, knowing exactly what you were doing.”

Joanne pouted, and tried to talk past Jayme’s finger. “Muh’ I said I wa’ sowwy.”

Jayme glared at Joanne, and tried to imitate the stern tone of voice she remembered Mamma always using during spanking time. “I know you’re sorry now, Joanne, but what about next time? Think you’ll still be sorry by tomorrow, when your butt doesn’t hurt so much?”

Joanne shrugged. “Prob’ly?”

“Let’s hope so. But for today, I want you to think about how, like Adam and Eve, we have sinned. And after Adam and Eve gained the knowledge of Good and Evil, they finally noticed they were naked, and for the first time, they felt shame.”

Jayme pulled her finger away to let Joanne answer, and let the moment hang.

Finally, Joanne’s eyes grew watery. “So…you want me to feel ashamed…and stay butt-naked?”

“Exactly. When you do something shameful, you should feel ashamed of yourself. So I’m putting you in timeout, clothed just as you are now. Go stand in the corner, Jo, and press your nose against the wall.”

Joanne glanced at the decorative posters that lined her wall, and groaned, before marching to stand in the corner. Finally, she sighed. “...How long’s my corner time?”

Satisfied, Jayme turned and examined the digital alarm clock by Joanne’s bed, and fumbled with the buttons to set it. “As long as I think you need to think everything through. I’ll start a timer, and come to check on you a bit later. Think hard, Jo. Your answers will let me know if the lesson has *sunk in* properly.”

Joanne gulped, and held her tongue. The emphasis in Jayme’s words made it clear that if the lesson hadn’t sunk in by then, Joanne would be the one sinking into deeper trouble.

Joane sniffled, and realized her eyes were red and raw from crying. Then she heard Jayme’s voice snap from behind her, like the crack of a whip. “Oh, and Jo? While you’re in time out, there’s one more thing I want you to think hard about.”

Joanne flinched, and twisted to look over her shoulder, expecting to see Jayme looking down on her with cold judgment. But instead, she saw Jayme’s face was peaceful. “No matter how ashamed of yourself you feel right now, I want you to remember that I’ve made exactly the same

mistake, plenty of times. But Jesus has paid the full price for our sins. He endured great shame and pain on the cross, so that we can be free from the shame and pain of sin."

Joanne glanced down at her bottom. "It's sort of like…he took the spanking I had coming?"

Jayme clasped her hands, trying to remember her Bible history classes. She remembered how, after getting spanked for touching Pappa's gun safe without permission, she'd asked Pappa if she'd get spanked forever and ever in hell, only for him to comfort her. "Kind of? Or maybe it's like–we got a bunch of fines for a billion speeding tickets, more than we could ever pay off in a lifetime–and he paid off our debt, or something?"

Joanne nodded. "Yeah…but when we sin, even though we're forgiven, we still have to get our spankings, don't we? Like, don't get me wrong, I'm really thankful Jesus took my punishment, but if he already paid the penalty for our sins…isn't it weird that *we* still have to get spanked for our sins?"

Jayme started to nod. "Well, I think that's called the distinction between temporal punishment, and eternal punishment. I wish Pappa was here, he could explain it better."

Joanne smiled. "I think I get it. You know, I've been thinking about how Jesus died for me a lot more recently. I used to be so angry, all the time, thinking about how none of the kids at junior high still got spanked, but I still got plenty of 'em, even as a teenager. But recently, I guess I've been looking at it a bit differently, especially after…the public-school party incident. It's finally started making more sense to me, why Mamma and Pappa have to spank us…"

Jayme finished Joanne's sentence for her. "...because they love us?"

Joanne sniffled, then glanced down at her flaming red bottom. "Yes…if it's for the right reason, then maybe getting spankings isn't so bad. So…thank you for spanking me, Jayme."

Jayme felt a strange swelling in her chest, and brushed a tear from her eye. "You're welcome Joanne."

As Jayme sighed with relief, she uttered a silent prayer of gratitude. Sure, it was never fun to get a spanking, but as Jayme reflected on the thousands of spankings she'd endured, all well-deserved, she couldn't help but feel thankful to her parents for giving her the spankings she needed, and a little proud of herself for having endured them.

Then, Joanne's bedroom door burst open, and Mamma appeared. "Girls? I thought I heard a ruckus when I pulled in. Did someone get…hurt?"

As Joanne, Jayme, and Mamma all froze, all eyes in the room were on Joanne's bright-red, bare buttocks. Mamma knit her brow. "Jayme, what have you done to your sister?"

Chapter II

Jayme stammered, struggling to find any combination of words that made sense. Joanne piped up first. “It was my fault. I broke a rule, and Jayme spanked me.”

Mamma snapped her arm to point at Joanne in the corner. “I asked Jayme. Keep your nose pressed against the corner, and not a peep out of you, Joanne.”

Perhaps it had something to do with having a smarting, freshly-spanked bottom, but Joanne obeyed instantly.

Mamma crossed her arms and faced Jayme. “Well, Jayme?”

Jayme grit her teeth. “Well, I caught Joanne doing–uh, something–she shouldn’t have been doing.”

Mamma narrowed her eyes. “And what was that?”

Jayme looked to Joanne for help, and only saw the back of her little sister’s raven-haired head. Finally, Jayme took a calming breath, and stood to her full height, towering a full foot over her mother. “I promised to wait and let Joanne tell you and Pappa, when you got back.”

Mama nodded curtly. “Fair enough. Then we will wait to hear her side of the story when your father gets home. But that doesn’t explain why you took it upon yourself to spank her.”

Jayme swallowed a lump in her throat. “Well, Jo said since I was in charge, I could just give her the spanking she had coming, and we’d call it good.”

Joanne nodded in the corner. “Yeah! I said it was okay!”

Mamma snapped a finger at Joanne, who squeaked and pressed her nose flat against the wall. Mamma watched Joanne for a few seconds, then turned back to Jayme. “Who is the head of this household? Your little sister, or your father?”

Jayme felt a bead of sweat on her brow, and her palms felt clammy. “Pappa is the head of this household.”

“And what was the rule that Pappa told you, the last time we came home and found out you had given Joanne a spanking while babysitting?”

Jayme hung her head. “The rule was…I was not allowed to spank Joanne ever again…without permission from you or Pappa. But I figured you would have given me permission, if you knew…”

“If we knew that Joanne had deliberately broken a rule of the house, Pappa and I would definitely have spanked her. If you had called to ask us about the situation, we probably would have discussed the matter, and your Pappa would have decided whether an immediate spanking was warranted, and whether to grant you permission to act on our behalf. But instead, you took matters into your own hands. Why didn’t you call us, Jayme?”

As she looked Mamma in the eye, Jayme felt her excuses die on her throat. “Because…I was being foolish.”

Mamma spotted Joanne’s black ebony hairbrush on the bed, and picked it up. As Mamma seated herself on Joanne’s bed, she gestured with the hairbrush for emphasis. “Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child…”

Without taking her eyes off the wooden hairbrush, Jayme tucked her thumbs into the waistband of her pajama pants, and finished reciting the Proverb from memory. “...but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him.”

With a single graceful motion, Jayme lowered her pajama bottoms to her ankles, and stepped out of them, before lying obediently across her mother’s lap, bottoms up. Jayme noticed she was wearing an old pair of orange panties from childhood, which she hadn’t quite outgrown, depicting the character Applejack, of *My Little Pony* frame.

Mamma began the warm-up hand spanking over Jayme’s cartoony panties. There was no sound apart from the steady clap of palm against buttock, neither a word of lecturing from Mamma, nor a whisper of protest from Jayme.

After a few minutes of peppering her daughter’s toned backside, Mamma gracefully slid the undergarments down, and carried on paddling Jayme with the hairbrush. From that point on, it became impossible for Jayme to maintain her steady, silent resolve. Jayme started to hoot and holler, exactly like when she was at a rodeo, though she managed to resist the urge to kick. Thanks to Jayme’s remarkable display of self-control, her Applejack panties remained in place just below her bottom, providing her with no protection other than a remnant of modesty.

After delivering 32 ferocious swats with expert aim, Mamma paused the ordeal. “Jayme, how many spanks did you give Joanne with the hairbrush?”

Heaving for breath, Jayme brushed away tears. “I gave her thirty-nine whacks, ma’am.”

“And do you think you deserve another seven whacks, so you get just the same as Joanne?”

Jayme nodded. “Yes, Mamma. And I deserve whatever additional punishment you decide to give me.”

Mamma patted Jayme's backside with the back of the brush. "Good girl. Then you have seven more to go. Hold still, and you'll be past the first part of your punishment soon."

Jayme's eyes watered at the mention of this being only the first part of her punishment, but she held as still as she was able. Jayme twisted hips and fidgeted her legs after each of the final seven blows, but Mamma didn't lecture her nor add additional strokes for moving too much. The Schmidts expected their children to be obedient during a spanking, but they also understood their children were only human.

Finally, Mamma sighed. "That will do. Stand up, Jayme. Hands behind your head."

Jayme stood, and as she felt her favorite, lucky undies from childhood pinched between her thighs, she couldn't help but feel a little proud of herself for not kicking and squirming until she kicked the panties across the room.

Then Mamma glanced at Joanne, standing naked in the corner, and reached out to tug Jayme's panties all the way down to her ankles. "Hands above your head. Since you put Joanne in her birthday suit, let's have you in matching outfits. What's good for the goose is good for the…*other* goose."

Jayme blushed as she felt Mamma lifting her pajama shirt up past her belly button. Knowing what was expected of her, Jayme bent over at the waist to allow her much shorter mother to peel her pajama shirt up and over her head. The moment she was stripped naked, Jayme folded her hands behind her head.

Mamma folded Jayme's clothing neatly on the bed beside her. "Joanne, come out of timeout and stand next to Jayme. I want to have a word with both of you, before you have to make your confessions to Pappa."

Joanne shuffled out of her corner to stand side-by-side with Jayme. Both sisters mirrored one another in their poses of surrender, and thanks to their nakedness, that only served to highlight the contrast in their physical appearance. While Joanne's petite bubble butt was usually pale as a vampire's, Jayme's butt was athletic, toned, and usually displayed a prominent tan line where she wore her shorts. At the moment, both were equally a mottled shade of red: their hides had been literally and thoroughly tanned.

Mamma rummaged for something in Joanne's closet, and emerged with a baggy, extra-extra large white t-shirt. "Aha! Still here, right where I left it. All right, girls, ordinarily, a good hairbrush spanking would be enough for breaking one of the rules of the house. But deliberate disobedience is a serious matter. I'll have to discuss this with your father. He may well decide that you both need a trip to the woodshed. You understand that will be his decision, and I expect you to submit to his judgment?"

Both girls nodded meekly, and mumbled, "Yes, Ma'am."

Mamma held up the massive t-shirt, and revealed the slogan written on the front in marker: “You remember your ‘Get Along Shirt,’ don’t you? The last time we left Jayme in charge of the house, we came back and found you girls at each other’s throats. That means this is a repeat offense.”

Joanne’s mouth drooped in horror. It seemed she most definitely remembered it. “You’re *not* gonna’ make us wear that again?”

“Joanne Agatha Schmidt, do not speak out of turn again. And of course you’ve got to wear it. I won’t let you eat dinner completely naked. Now, help each other put it on.”

Jayme and Joanne looked at each other with sympathy. Jayme had long ago resigned herself to whatever fate awaited her. Joanne wore her misery plainly on her face. The baggy shirt still fit them both easily, though it only reached low enough to cover their bottoms like a scandalously short mini-skirt. Jayme’s left hand was free on one side, while Joanne’s right hand was free on the other side, creating the illusion they were a comically mismatched set of conjoined twins.

Mamma clicked her tongue. “Now, although I fully believe that both you girls deserve a trip to the woodshed, I don’t wish that fate on either of you…yes, Joanne? Thank you for raising your hand. You may speak.”

Joanne’s arm seemed to be swimming in the massive t-shirt sleeve as her hand faltered in mid-air. “Um, if you’re going to say ‘Pappa’s probably going to spank us as soon as he gets home,’ Jayme sort of gave me that whole explanation already, when she spanked me. So if you’re asking if we want you to spank us again, on the thin hope he’ll let us off, my vote is to let you spank us now.”

Mamma shook her head. “I wasn’t asking for a vote, and I’m not asking for your permission to spank you. I’m simply explaining that I am going to spank you both, properly, before Pappa gets home. Yes, Jayme, do you have a question?”

Jayme quailed as she held up her hand. “But…didn’t we both get the maximum number of spanks allowed? I thought the Bible said that a criminal gets forty lashes, minus one.”

“Thank you, Jayme, that is a perfectly fair question. Your Pappa and I believe in following Biblical principles. You see, God’s law does clearly teach an upper limit on the number of strokes a criminal can receive, for each offense. But under covenant law, the implement used for corporal punishment was a leather whip with three cords. Practically speaking, that means that the total number of stripes for a flogging was one-hundred and seventeen, *per offense*, under Biblical law.

“Of course, we don’t feel the need to use such a stern punishment on our children, even as you’ve grown older. But it’s important to remember that while God’s Word provides an upper limit to what is considered fair for corporal punishment, it also *requires* that corporal punishment

be harsh enough to dissuade a child from sinning, while they are young.

“What that means is, for anything short of a trip to the woodshed for a *Biblical* flogging, your father and I use common sense to determine a fair punishment for any of you children, depending on your offense. ‘Withhold not correction from the child: for if thou beatest him with the rod, he shall not die. Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell.’ Does that make sense?”

Jayme’s hand trembled in midair. Behind her back, she reflexively reached for her bottom with her other hand, hidden beneath the massive t-shirt. “So…under the law, we could get up to one-hundred and seventeen lashes, so when you give us thirty-nine spanks with a hairbrush, or something like that, that’s you taking it easy on us?”

“Exactly. While you children are still young, we want to show you the meaning of both mercy, and justice.”

Joanne spoke in a dry, dull monotone. “Man, I’d hate to earn the full forty lashes, minus one.”

Mamma glared at Joanne. “I was originally only going to give you ten lashes to put you in the right frame of mind to face Pappa, but that is the second time you’ve spoken out of turn, Joanne. So, yes, you will *both* be getting another forty strokes, minus one, for your snark, along with Jayme, for her irresponsibility. But most fortunately for your poor little bottoms, I will only be using a paddle, not a lash of three cords.”

Jayme hung her head. “But are you sure I don’t need the full hundred and seventeen strokes? After all, I’m older than Joanne…old enough to know better.”

Mamma stroked Jayme’s cheek. “Your humility in repentance is admirable, Jayme, but I’m sure a simple paddling will be more than enough to leave the message thoroughly ingrained. Do you trust me and Pappa to punish you fairly?”

Jayme sniffed, and felt her nose clogging from her earlier tears. “Yes, Mamma.”

Mamma gestured to Joanne’s bed. “Then I want you girls to lift the back of your shirt up nice and high to uncover your booties. You’ll have to work together to hold it in place. Then stand in front of the bed and wait for me while I fetch a good-sized paddle. The first thing I expect to see when I come back is both of your bare bottoms, ready and waiting for your next spanking.”

After Mamma left the room, Jayme took a step towards the bed, only to feel Joanne dragging behind her. “C’mon, Jo. Mamma will expect to see us in position and ready to accept our punishment.”

Joanne half stumbled, only catching herself thanks to the shirt. “Hold on, I can barely keep up with your long-leg stork strides.”

With some negotiation, Jayme and Joanne settled themselves over the bed, hoisting the back of the shirt up behind them. At first, Jayme's knees buckled thanks to her awkwardly long legs, and she shifted to try and rest her weight more securely against the mattress. Joanne choked. "Hey! Watch it! You're dragging me by the collar here!"

"Oops! Well, I can't really hold still like this. I feel like I'm doing the squats. Maybe if we…"

Joanne stood, and followed Jayme into a new position, farther across the bed. Jayme felt Joanne's feet kicking behind them. "Jayme, this won't work. If I can't keep my feet on the floor, I won't be able to hold still when Mamma starts paddling!"

"You'd better if you don't want to earn extra strokes."

"And If I earn extra strokes, what makes you think your butt is safe? We're in this together."

"Okay, okay, just give me enough room to support my weight…here, this might work."

Together, they settled into a position that accommodated them both, Joanne touching the floor with her toes, while Jayme was able to support herself in a horse stance with slightly bent knees. Joanne pouted. "Ugh. I feel like I'm wearing high heels. Could you kindly *not* get another growth spurt?"

They both tensed as they heard the door turn, and Mamma entered the room, cradling a 16-inch wooden paddle. "Perfect. Two bare bottoms ready and waiting for me, without further argument. That's the kind of teamwork we need. Now girls, before I start your paddling, do you understand why you are being punished? Joanne, you first."

Joanne groaned. "I mouthed off…"

Mamma patted the hand paddle across both of their bottoms, easily covering both of them, and Joanne stiffened. "...er, I mean was disrespectful, ma'am."

Mama glided the wood of the paddle along their sensitive hindquarters, awakening a fresh prickling sensation. "That's better. And Jayme, why are you getting this spanking?

Jayme sniffled. "I disobeyed you and Pappa, and spanked Joanne without permission."

Mamma stroked the hand paddle along both of their bottoms, lifting their cheeks slightly. "That's right. Though, you didn't do too bad a job of it. We'll have to discuss finding more opportunities to let you practice the art of giving a proper spanking. It's a handy life skill. Well, I know I promised both you girls another forty lashes for disobedience…but do you recall how, last time I had to use the 'Our Get Along Shirt,' both you girls got spanked together for any offense, until you learned to stop fighting?"

Jayme and Joanne glanced at each other, realizing the full implications. The last time they were forced to wear the massive shirt, they were both spanked any time either one of them misbehaved, meaning they got the equivalent of two spankings each for any act of fighting. Both sisters swallowed and answered, “Yes, ma’am?”

Mamma patted their bottoms again. Jayme noticed that Mamma was positioned on Joanne’s right side, meaning that, although the paddle would land across both of their bottoms, Jayme’s left buttock would absorb most of the brunt of the coming paddle stroke from the farthest tip of the paddle. Mamma sighed. “Well, ordinarily that would mean that you would both be getting a set of forty strokes, minus one, each…if we were still following that old rule. But since you’re doing such a good job working together, I will instead give you twenty swats each, minus one, if you hold yourselves in position and take your spanking like good girls should.”

Jayme and Joanne both audibly exhaled.

“Thank you…” whispered Jayme, thankfully.

“Ma’am!” added Joanne, urgently.

Mamma patted the paddle across their bottoms with more firmness, to alert them the real paddling was about to begin. “I love you both. Now say a quick prayer for strength, and grit your teeth…”

As Jayme glanced up, she spotted a framed picture on Joanne’s wall which she recognized as an old self-portrait of Joanne in an anime style with full goth regalia, leaning on the shoulder of Jesus. Jayme suddenly felt a fresh pang of guilt for spanking her sister. *“Let he that is blameless, cast the first stone…”* thought Jayme, as she grit her teeth.

Then the first stroke of the paddle landed, leaving a vivid red, rectangular mark which stretched all the way across Jayme’s left buttock.

…

After many years of practicing the art of enduring spankings obediently, Jayme and Joanne were determined to not earn themselves extra strokes. But if Mamma felt sorry for them to hold back slightly, she didn’t feel sorry for them enough to make the spanking not hurt. After twelve solid whacks, Jayme felt her resolve not to kick start to crumble, and wondered how Joanne was doing. As if in answer, Jayme felt Joanne’s hand squeezed hers beneath the shirt, and Jayme squeezed it back. They held on to each other to endure the last seven strokes, before Mamma paused, strode to Jayme’s left side, and switched her grip on the paddle. “That’s Jayme’s half of the forty, minus one. Joanne, this next half will be harder for you. Take a moment to catch your breath, and tell me when you’re ready. Then we can get this wrapped up, before your father gets home.”

Wincing, Joanne hissed past her clenched teeth, and took her sweet time catching her breath. Jayme heard the sound of a slippered foot tapping, and glanced over her shoulder. When Jayme saw the look on Mamma's face, she decided that they'd better not try to stall any further. Beneath the shirt, Jayme gave Joanne a soft nudge with her elbow. "Ready, Mamma!" whispered Jayme.

Blinking back tears, Joanne nodded, and gripped her purple blanket tight with her free right hand. "Ready," whimpered Joanne.

Mamma commenced the paddling immediately, and Joanne yelped when she felt the full impact, and Jayme knew that Joanne's right buttock in particular was probably throbbing already.

Jayme held tight to Joanne's hand, and forced herself to hold still, willing Joanne to somehow take some of her resolve. Somehow, it worked. After fifteen strokes, Joanne was wailing freely, and Jayme could feel her body trembling against hers. But Joanne resisted the urge to kick or let go of the mattress until the nineteenth, and final, stroke landed.

Jayme sighed, and glanced at the tear stains that dotted the mattress in front of both of them. A good spanking always ended in tears, and Mamma never failed to deliver.

Behind them, Mamma blew a sharp breath. "Phew! All right, ladies, I'm satisfied. Of course, it's still up to your father to decide if you've been punished enough, or if you still need a trip to the woodshed. Try to stand up. I've got a hairpin handy for you."

Jayme's eyes popped open. "A hairpin?"

As if in answer to Jayme's unspoken question, Mamma's hand hiked the back of the shirt up, and pinned it at the back. "Those are certainly two, well-spanked, bright red bottoms, no denying it."

Joanne's voice trembled as she whined. "But…we're only supposed to get spanked on our bare bottoms in private?"

Mamma set down the paddle and patted their bottoms playfully with her open hand, stroking them gently. "Usually, yes. But the only reason we instituted that rule in the first place is to stop you from teasing Jayme for getting spanked on her bare bottom. Given the circumstances…I doubt there's much danger of that. Now, straight to the dinner table, and no more whiny noises."

Joanne's lip quivered, but she successfully suppressed the urge to complain. In the dining room, they were instructed to replace their usual chairs with the wooden piano bench, and had to work together to carry it awkwardly to their place at the table.

From the kitchen, Mamma poked her head past the door frame to give them a look of approval, taking a sip of soup from a wooden spoon. “That’s more like it. Have a seat and wait for your father to get home while I finish preparing supper. We’re having minestrone.”

As Jayme sat down onto the wooden bench, she felt her burning butt cheeks squash flat against the hard surface, and groaned. Joanne opted to gasp softly.

Jayme caught her breath as the initial pang of discomfort subsided, to be replaced by that all-too-familiar, distinctive, dull ache, which the Schmidt siblings all referred to as “butt hurt.”

Jayme tried to smile at Joanne. “Well, at least we made it this far.”

Joanne scowled as she scooped up her spoon. “I’m not going to have to spoon-feed you soup, am I?”

Jayme glanced down at the bowl and second spoon in front of her, and was surprised to find it was already full of soup. That was odd. Mamma usually waited to serve them until everyone was seated. Experimentally, Jayme picked up her own spoon. “I think I can handle using my left hand. I’m better with my right, but I’ve always wondered if I’m ambidextrous.”

Mamma’s voice cooed from the kitchen. “You might have gotten that from me. I’m ambidextrous. Comes in very handy when I have two naughty bottoms to spank at once.”

Jayme nodded as she took an experimental bite of soup. “Thanks, Mamma. Hopefully, Pappa will take pity on us. Maybe we won’t get a trip to the woodshed.”

Joanne blew at her soup. “I dunno, Jayme. Doesn’t something about all this seem…strange?”

Jayme blinked. “Like what?”

Joanne glanced nervously at the kitchen, and whispered in Jayme’s ear. “Like, wasn’t that spanking a lot harsher than what we usually get? Even for disobedience bad enough to earn us a trip to our rooms for a stern talking too? And why is Mamma home so early before Pappa? And why are we eating soup if Mamma is still making it in the kitchen? There’s something suspicious going on here!”

Jayme accidentally spilled a whole spoonful of soup. “What are you saying?”

Joanne glared at Jayme. “I’m saying…it’s almost like I’m trapped in some sort of vivid dream, cooked up by someone with a deep, sub-conscious obsession with being spanked!”

At that moment, the front door burst open, and Pappa strode in, his cowboy boots clicking ominously with every step. “I’m home! Well, well, well, what have we here? I can see that my two favorite, prodigal daughters are in some kind of trouble.”

Mamma appeared from the kitchen, stark naked except for an apron, and carrying a full pot of minestrone soup in front of her. “Oh, I’m afraid I had to give them both a spanking. Girls, why don’t you tell your father what you did wrong today?”

Pappa held up a hand, and unfastened the buckle of his rawhide belt. “No need for explanations. Just from the looks of those red behinds, I can see that my little firecracker and my favorite little ray of sunshine have been very naughty today…which can only mean…”

Pappa whipped his belt free from the loops, folded it, and snapped it between his hands. “...you two are long overdue for a trip to the woodshed!”

Jayme felt her chest tighten, and the world spinning around her, her headache returning with a vengeance. “Huh? But you never spank us without hearing us out first! You always say we’re innocent until proven guilty!”

“And clearly, that was a mistake, or you wouldn’t be such a bad, naughty, sinful little girl, Jayme Schmidt. Clearly, you’re secretly up to something bad I don’t know about. So from now on, I’ll just thrash you once a day, just to be safe.”

Mamma appeared at Pappa’s side, still naked, and rested her oven mitt covered hands on her plump hips. “Oh dear, do you really think the full, Biblical forty lashes, minus one, will be necessary, Pappa? I feel so sorry for their poor bottoms already?”

Pappa nodded, his face emotionless. “I’m afraid so…of course, since both of them are wearing the ‘Get Along’ shirt, that means I’ll have to give them both the full, Biblical forty lashes…twice.”

Jayme swooned, and fell backwards, dragging Joanne along with her. “I’m…a…bad…girl…”

They slammed against the floor, but then something strange happened. They sank into the floor as if it were a fluffy blanket, and fell into a deep, eternal blackness.

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Jayme snapped awake from her bed, her head splitting. “...bad…girl?”

Jayme glanced around, and recognized her bedroom. Still feeling the agonizing ache all across her ass, Jayme reached into her pajama pants and clutched her butt cheeks, only to find them cool to the touch. She hadn’t been spanked at all! …Not recently at least.

Jayme laughed. “It was all…just a dream? Oh what a relief! For a second there, I thought I was a goner!”

Then, Mamma's muffled voice rang from outside her bedroom door. "Jayme? Are you up? Feeling better?"

Jayme felt her forehead. "Um, a little better, I think?"

"Good. Then get your butt to the kitchen, before I have to spank it!"

Jayme tensed. "No! Please don't spank me!"

Jayme's bedroom door seemed to pause, thoughtfully. "Jayme, I'm only kidding. I made you minestrone. Nothing better for when you're feeling icky…Dinner is in ten minutes. Take your time…but don't be late!"

Jayme's voice cracked. "Or I get spanked?"

Mamma opened the door and peered in. "Jayme, honey, I really don't want to spank you when you're feeling sick, but the rules of the house still apply. Don't test them. Understood?"

Mutely, Jayme nodded. Mamma smiled sweetly. "Good girl."

The End